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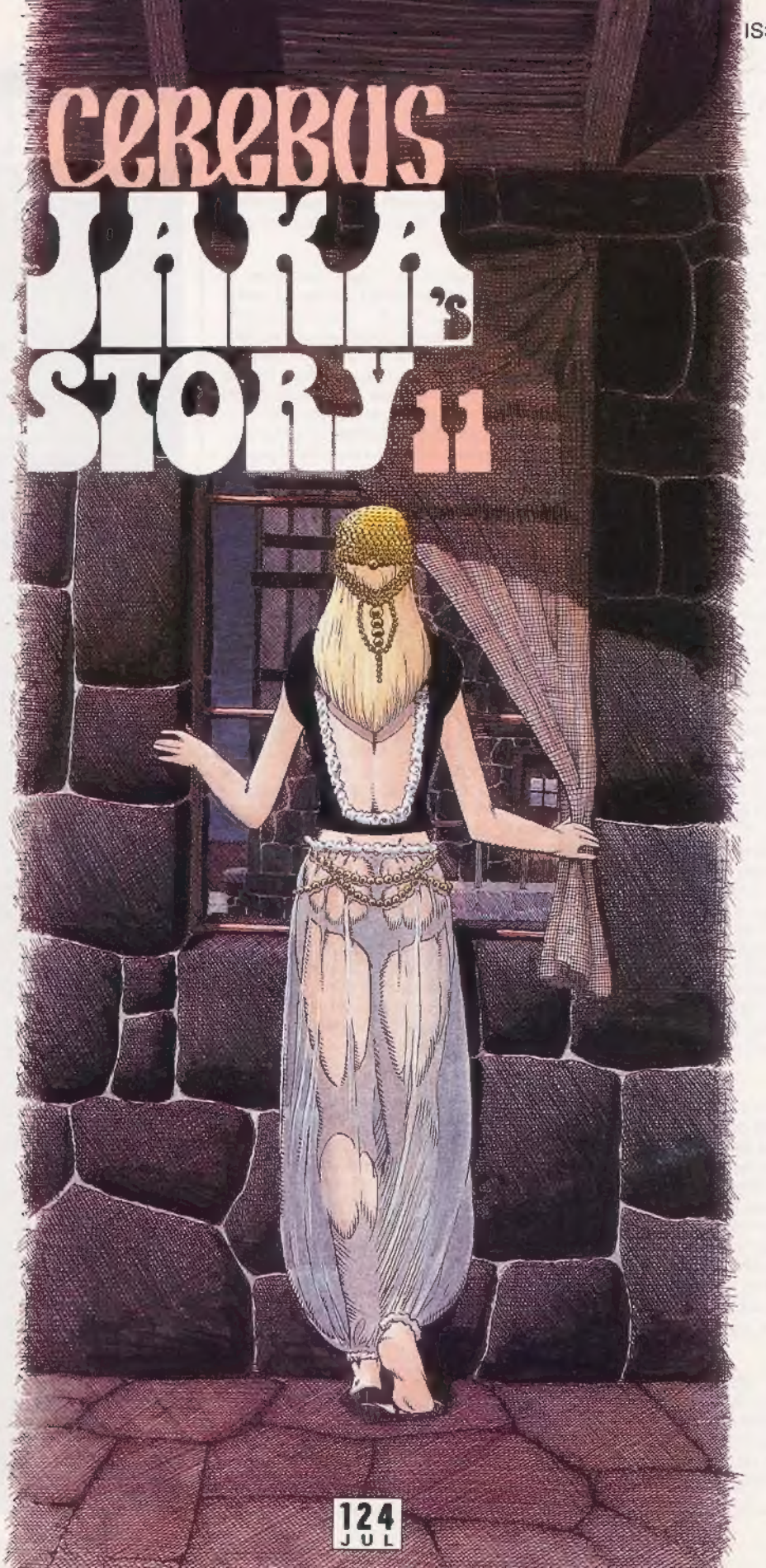
CEREBUS

JAKA'S STORY 11



124
JUL

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

From Hesketh Pearson's *Oscar Wilde, His Life and Wit*, a story told by Wilde on arriving late at a luncheon-party. Beerbohm Tree told it to Pearson and it is also related in E.F. Benson's autobiography:

"I am, and have been for some time, extremely busy. I have undertaken to write the first volume of The People's Cheap Guinea Series of Great Thoughts, and the subject has occupied every minute I could spare from eating, drinking and sleeping. My contribution to the Series will consist of a small volume of moral essays, which I am hopeful will be purchased by many wealthy persons of restricted means who wish to give their friends little tokens of ill-will at Christmastime. The Archbishop of Canterbury has kindly consented to write a preface expressing his ernest desire that these brief sermons, as I dare to call them, will carry their message of sorrow into many otherwise happy homes. The first essay, on which I am now engaged, deals with the value of Presence of Mind, and is in the form of an anecdote ... an incident from real life which was related to me by a well-known actor, still happily among us, who owes his very existence to a daring exhibition of coolness in the face of terrible danger. He was playing the chief part in a play in the West End of London. For months there had not been an empty seat in the house, and at every performance the queues for the pit and gallery stretched for miles: indeed they stretched as far as Hammersmith. (I ought to add that the play was being performed at *Hammersmith.) One evening, at that tense moment when the poor flower-girl rejects with scorn the odious proposals of the wicked marquis, a huge cloud of smoke poured from the wings and the scenery was caught by great tongues of fire. Although the safety curtain was immediately lowered, the audience was terrified and dashed towards the exits. A hideous panic broke out, men shouting and pushing, women screaming and clutching. There was a serious danger that many of the weaker ones would be trampled to death; and in fact some skirts were soiled, several dress shirts crumpled. At the height of the din the actor of whom I have spoken, who loves and is loved by the flower-girl, came up through the orchestra door, took in the situation at a glance, scrambled on to the stage, stood erect with flashing eyes and upraised arm before the iron curtain, and in a voice which rang like a trumpet through the theatre commanded silence. The audience knew that voice well, and felt reassured: the panic subsided. He told them that there was no longer any danger from the fire, which was now completely under control, but that there was a very real danger from their own fear: their lives depended on keeping their heads: they must return to their seats at once. Feeling thoroughly ashamed of themselves, they did as they were bidden; and when the exits were clear and the seats occupied once more, the actor leapt lightly over the footlights into the stalls and vanished through the first convenient doorway. Then the auditorium filled with smoke; the flames raced in from every side; and not another soul left the place alive."*

★★★★★

This issue features the first 'Cerebus preview' an eight-page section which will be devoted to giving all you fans of creative freedom a first look at some of the best new creator-owned comics material. To say that Gerhard and I were mightily impressed with the first several chapters of 'From Hell' when we visited Mr. Alan Moore is to understate our reactions dramatically. As he related to us (in the wee small hours of the morning) all of the insights, observations and forces at work in and on "From Hell" I found myself shifting uneasily in my chair, then squirming and finally fighting the urge to cover my ears and scream 'no more!'

I do that to *other* people a lot, but Steve Bissette and Alan Moore are the only ones who have done it to *me*.

Don't, don't, *don't* miss this one folks.

★★★★★

Just received and *highly* recommended, of course; *Love Goddess! The Untold Stories of Connie Lingus* and *Apocalypse Angel* poetry and images by Connie Lingus available from Snevil Books, P.O. Box 16430 Jersey City, NJ 07306, (Adult! You must be over twenty-five or have a note from your parole officer) both for $2.50. Cheap at twice the price.

Thanks, Connie, dear.

CEREBUS

NO. 124 JULY 1989

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Vice-President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

Circulation
24,500

JAKA'S STORY
a novel

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PROLOGUE
(Cerebus 114)

•

POGROM'S PROGRESS
(Cerebus 115 to Cerebus 119)

•

THE POET
(Cerebus 120 to Cerebus 130)

•

MYSTERY ACHIEVEMENT
(Cerebus 131 to Cerebus 136)

•

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PRINTED IN CANADA

Miss Jaka. My wife died just about a year ago now.

Oh, Pud. I didn't know. I'm so sorry.

It's okay, Miss Jaka. She went quietly and there wasn't much pain. Praise Tarim.

Praise Tarim.

You and your husband, Miss Jaka. You're happy here?

Oh, yes, Pud. You've been wonderful. We owe you a lot.

You're very lucky to have each other Miss Jaka.

Yes. Yes we are.

I'd like both of you to stay here for a long time.

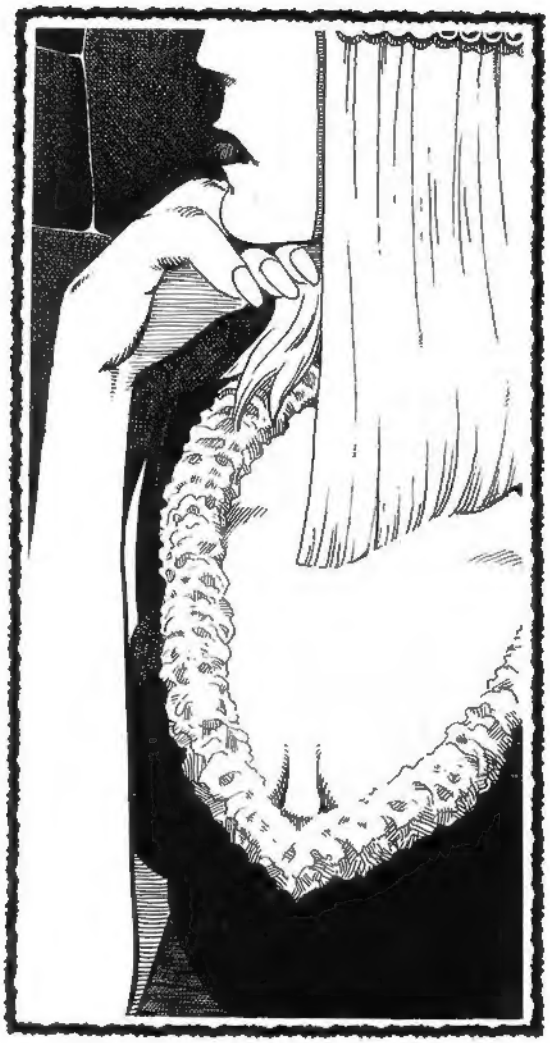
Oh, Pud. I'm so glad. We are happy here.

Except. There will have to be some...changes made.

Changes, Pud? What sort of changes?

Don't move, Miss Jaka. Please.

I'm not going to hurt you.



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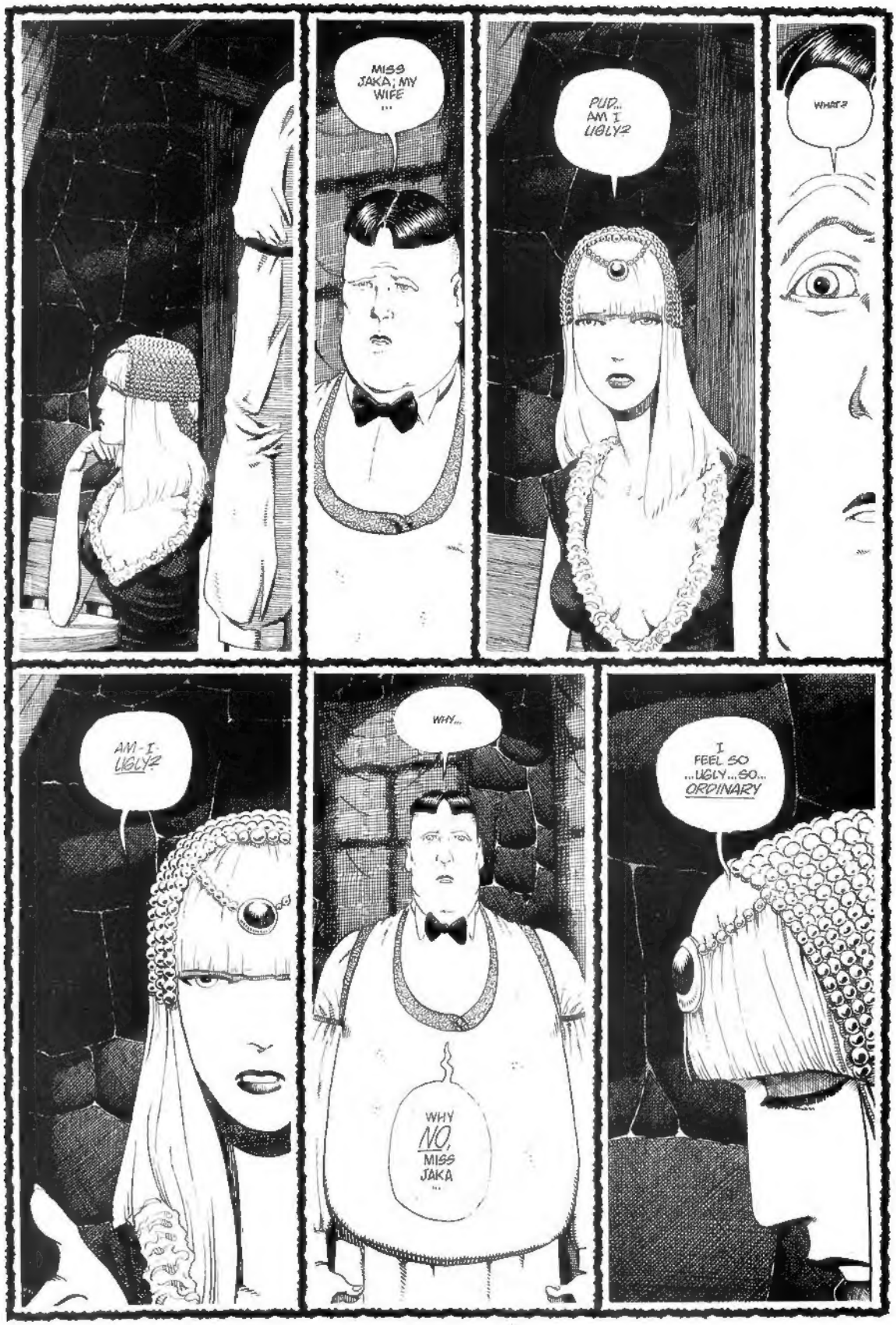
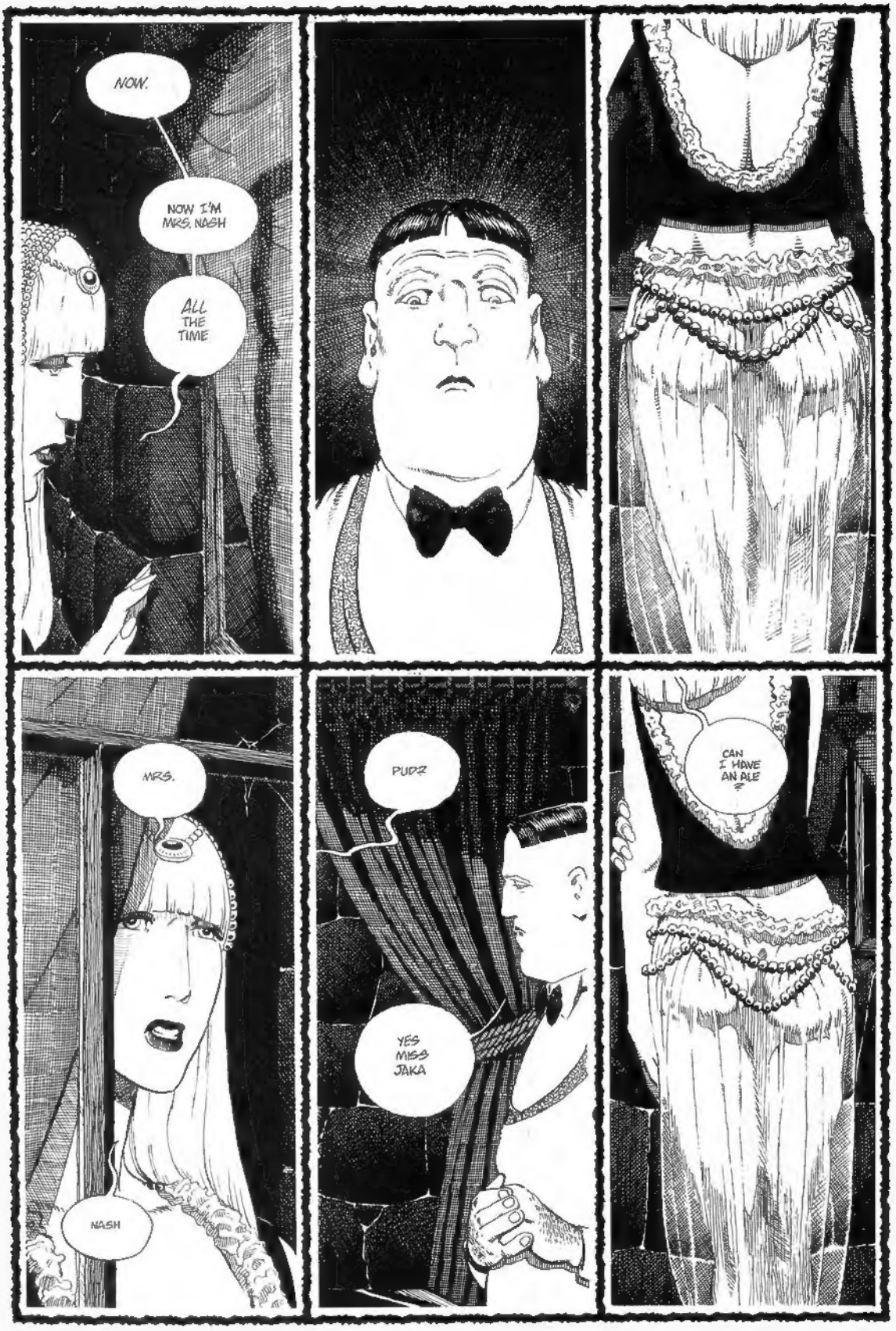
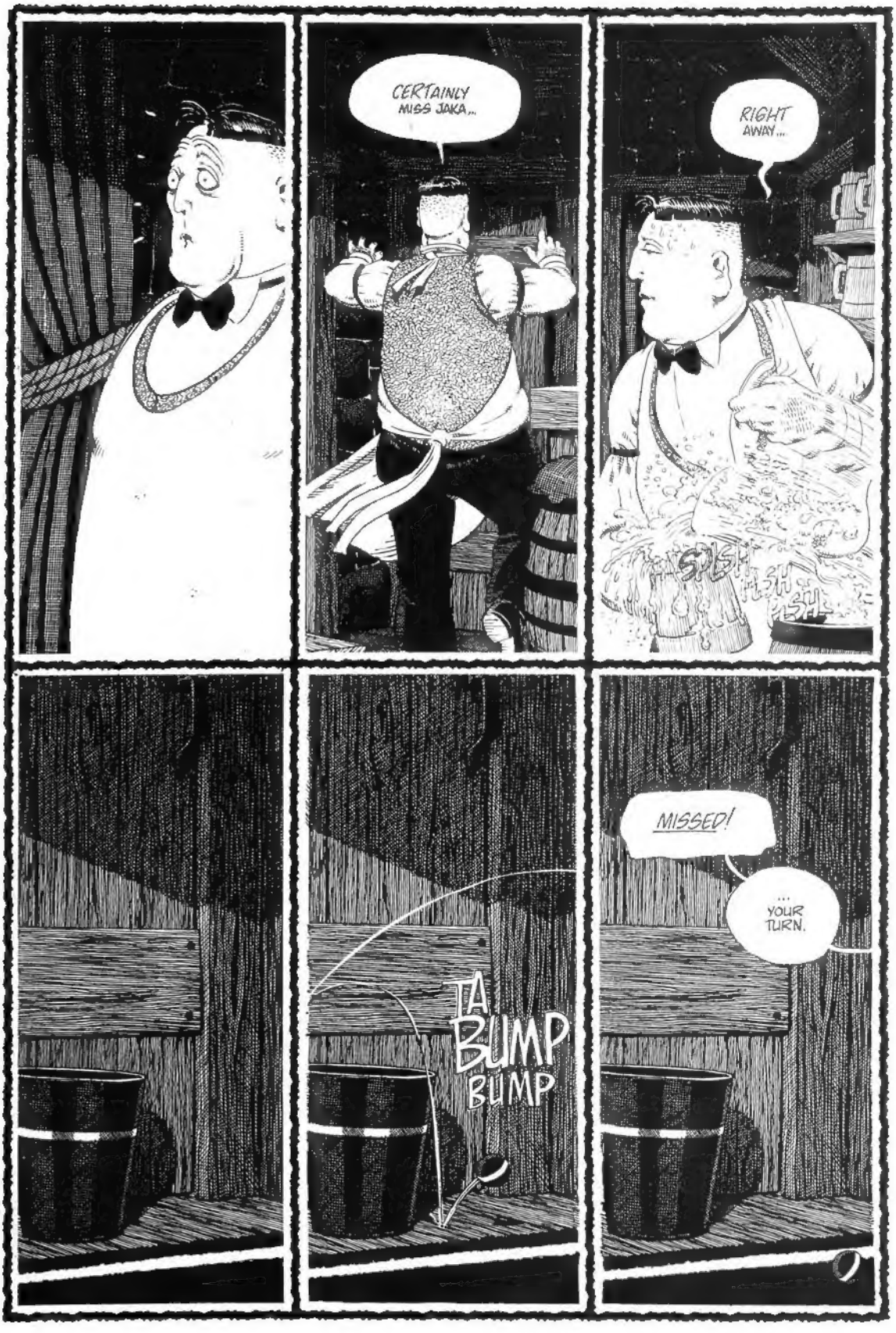
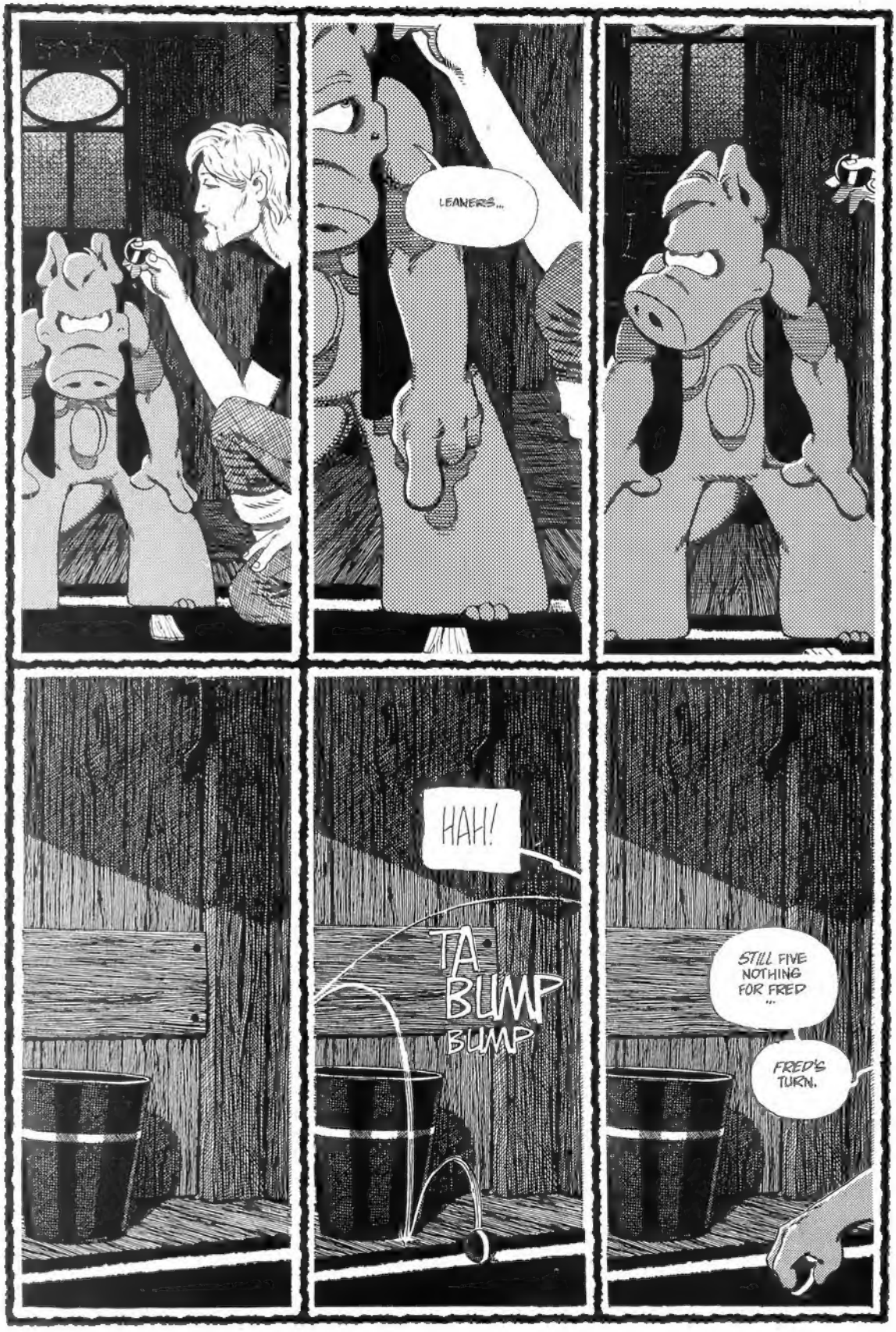

MISS JAKA; MY WIFE ...
PUD... AM I UGLY?
WHAT?
AM-I UGLY?
WHY...
WHY NO, MISS JAKA ...
I FEEL SO ...UGLY...SO... ORDINARY

IT USED TO BE... ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TO START GETTING READY FOR WORK...
AND I WAS, JAKA!
NOT 'MRS. NASH'
JAKA!
WITH AN EXCLAMATION MARK...


NOW.
NOW I'M MRS. NASH
ALL THE TIME
MRS.
NASH
PUDZ
YES MISS JAKA
CAN I HAVE AN ALE


CERTAINLY MISS JAKA...
RIGHT AWAY...
SPLSH
SPLSH
SPLSH
TA
BUMP
BUMP
MISSED!
... YOUR TURN.


LEANERS...
HAH!
TA
BLIMP
BUMP
STILL FIVE NOTHING FOR FRED ...
FRED'S TURN.

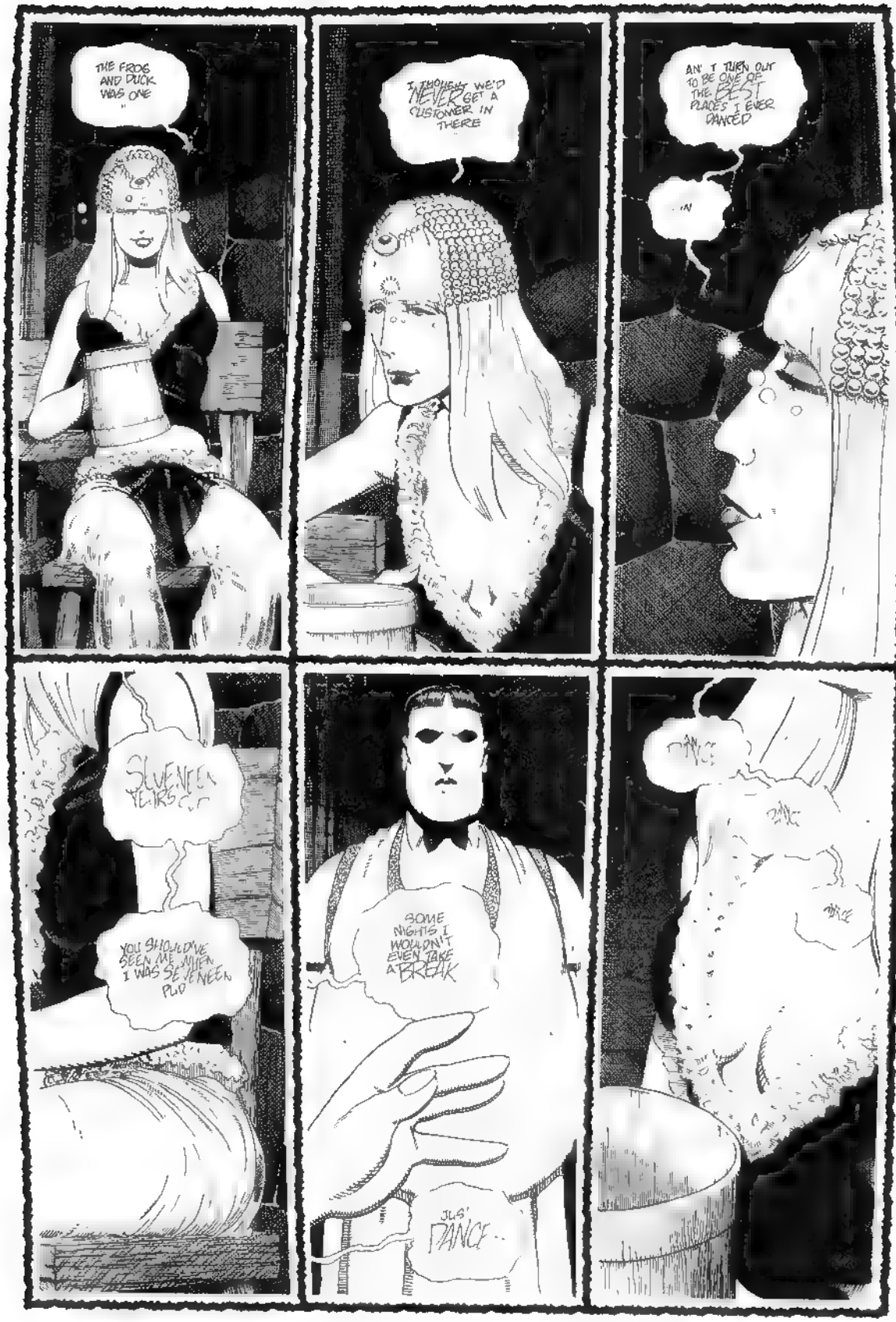
She removed her left hand from the ornamental door handle, flattening its palm against the worn dampened and grimy wood of the Locked Door. With her right she endeavoured, absently, to restore stray wisps of hair (resistant, clinging to the perspiration pooled and cooling on her forehead) to original and ordered Place. It was some several seconds before the enormity of her accomplishment came home to her. Leaning the full weight of her upper body on that left hand (its fingers splayed and pulsing with remembrance of recent Ordeal) she pushed back slightly, and in that moment felt some curious small tug, as if of mesmerism or gravitation between herself and the antiquitous, sculpted panels of the door; as if the Locked Door were sharing with her in this triumph of will and sinew over that dark and ubiquitous force which, with impunity, had preyed upon her for so very, very long a time. Without thinking, and, in consequence, to her very great surprise, she suddenly spoke her name aloud.

'Jaka Tavers.

The air grew redolent with the scent of new power and she smiled, briefly, but with great certainty, to herself.

slim, gilt soul
slim, gilt soul
slim, gilt soul
slim gilt soul
slim gilt soul
slim gilt soul

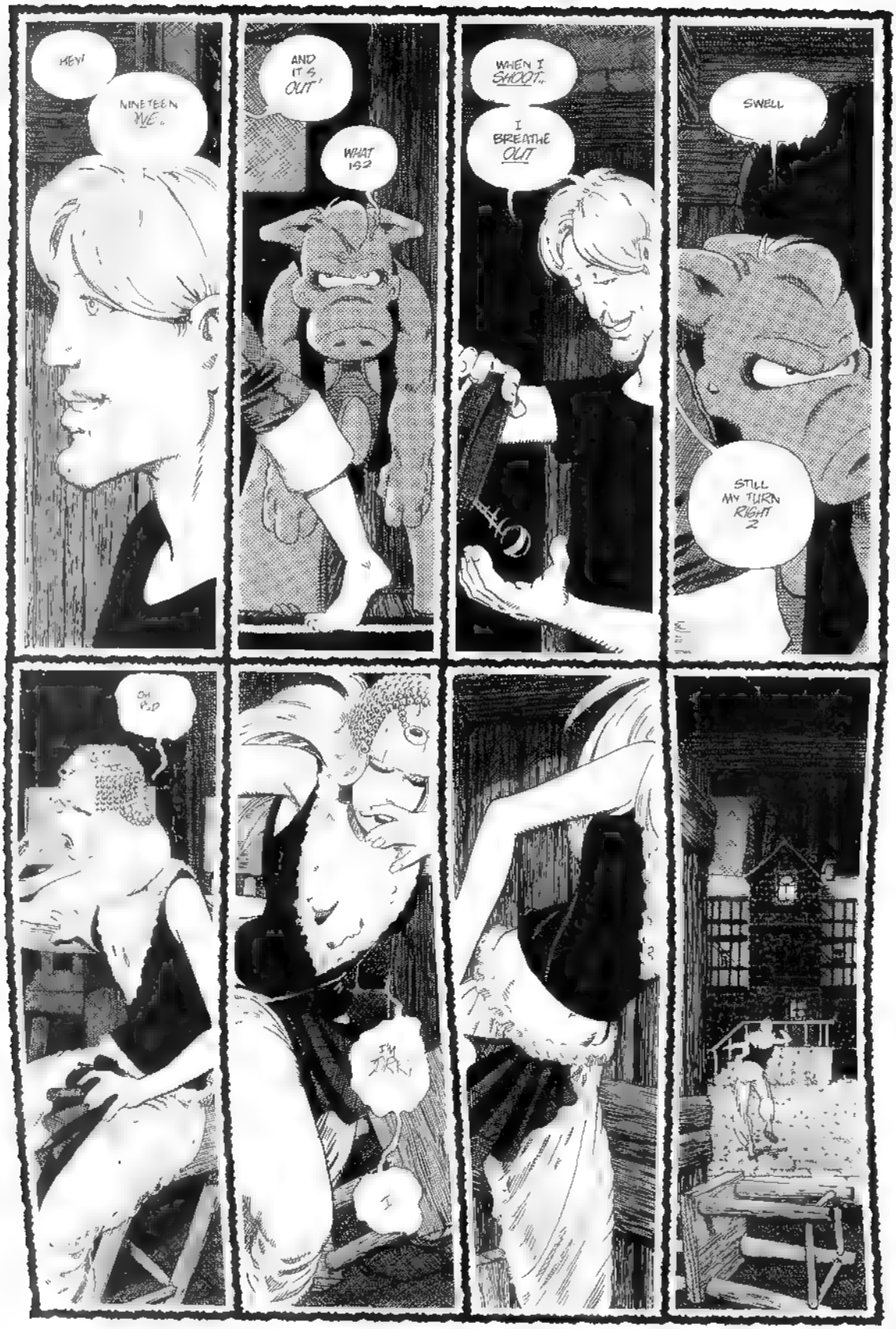
WHAT DID FRED TELL YOU ABOUT MOVING AROUND WHEN FRED IS SHOOTING ?
SORRY!
TWELVE NOTHING FOR FRED
TA BUMP
THUMP
EIGHT MORE FOR THE SHUT OUT
SHUT OUT? NO CHANCE
JUST WATCH
NO CHANCE
TA BUMP
THUMP
FOURTEEN NOTH NG
THIRTEEN
OH
R GHT


THE FROG AND DUCK WAS ONE
I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET A CUSTOMER IN THERE
AN' I TURN OUT TO BE ONE OF THE BEST PLACES I EVER DANCED
AN'
SEVENTEEN YEARS
YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN ME WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN
SOME NIGHTS I WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE A BREAK
JUS' DANCE
DANCE
DANCE

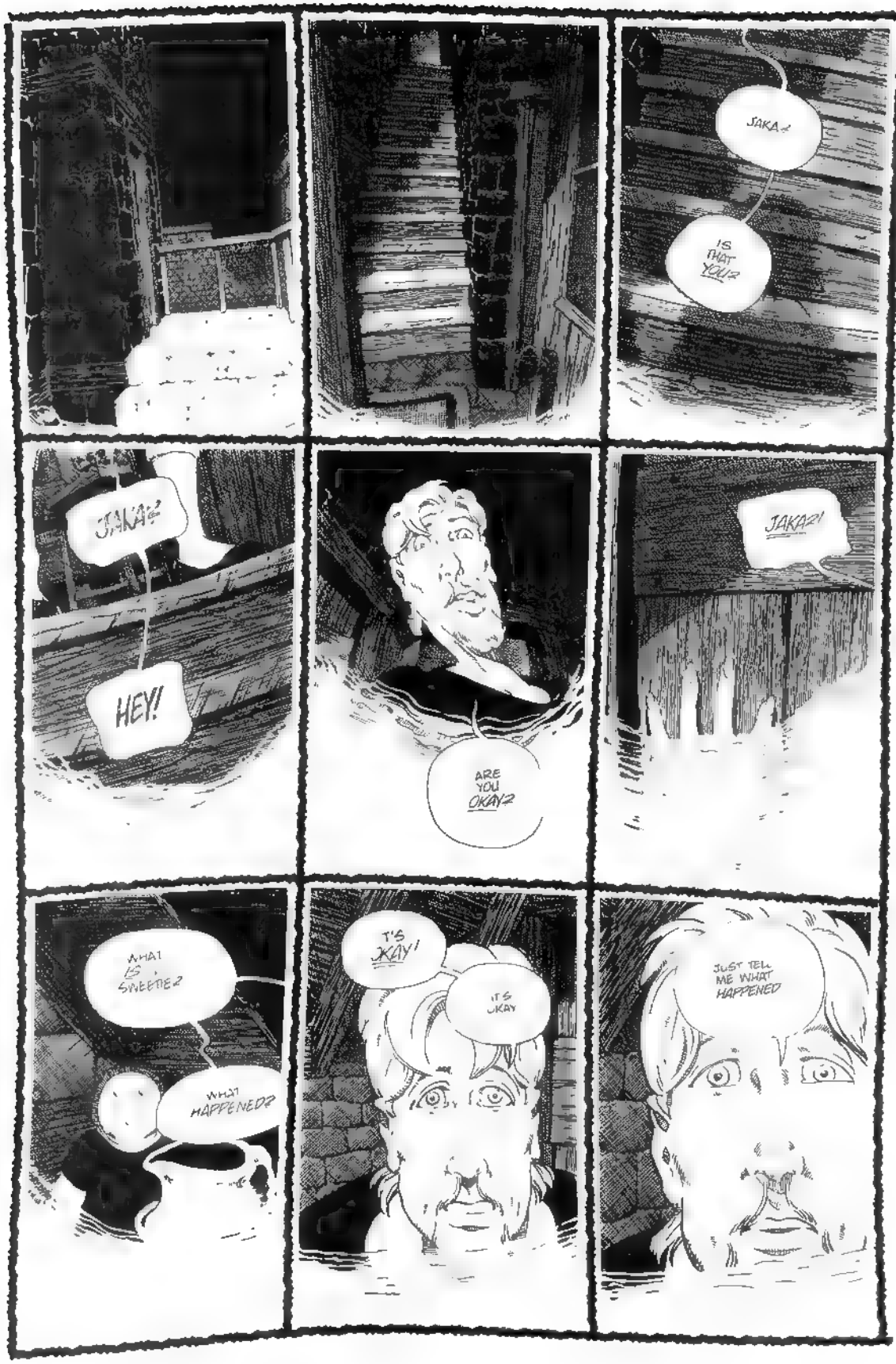
DAMN!
TA BUMP
BUMP
NINETEEN NOTHING
ONE MORE FOR THE SHUT OUT
NO CHANCE
SHUT OUT SHUT OUT
PLEASE
WAIT WAIT WAIT

I FRED WAS WONDERING
DO YOU BREATHE IN OR OUT WHEN YOU SHOOT?
?
NEVER MIND..
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT
?!?!?!?!?!?!

?
TA
BUMP
WHEW!
PUDZ
I


HEY!
NINETEEN
WE..
AND
IT'S
OUT!
WHAT
IS?
WHEN I
SHOOT..
I
BREATHE
OUT
SWELL
STILL
MY TURN
RIGHT
2
OH
F..D
I'M
I

slim gilt soul w
slim gilt soul w
slim gilt soul w
slim gilt soul w
slim, gilt soul w
slim, gilt soul w


JAKA?
IS THAT YOU?
JAKA?
HEY!
ARE YOU OKAY?
JAKA?!
WHAT IS SWEETIE?
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S OKAY!
IT'S OKAY
JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED

HA!

IT'S NOT!
I KNOW.
I
I
I CAN'D THICK OF ANYTHING MORE..
MORE.
EBYARRASS NG
!
YOU FORGOT THE BACK OF YOUR COSTUME

AARDVARK COMMENT

Y'know Dave,

I could have written an intelligent letter I could have commented on Ng Suat Tong's letter and explained how some of the more paranoid Illuminists believed that Adam Weishaupt and George Washington were the same person

I could have expounded upon the end of Church and State and showed how the dualistic male/female creation concept is somewhat old fashioned pagan especially with the lunar theme and the strong feminist overtones

I could have written about any of a number of important topics that you dealt with in your comic, like rape, religion and throwing cripples off rooftops.

But what I'm really writing about are pages 4 and 5 of issue 118. Every time I see that picture it reminds me

I used to know a girl named Missy.

She had bugs in her hair too.

Oh, by the way About Tracy Hall (issue 112/113). If she really is undead can you give me her number? That kind of thing turns me on.

Paul Langlois
67 Putnam Rd
Central Village, CT
06332

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave: I wrote you a *story*!

A Generally Horrible Experience in a Cooler

One day I had a generally horrible experience in a cooler

In the local SAVE EASY, where I work, is a cooler In this cooler is a half empty bottle of wine .

One day at work I enter that COOLER feeling more unruly than usual, and upon seeing that wine bottle, decided to try a sip. I'd never had alcohol before, because I'm from a very baptist family, and was curious about what would happen..

Needless to say, I did not achieve drunkenness, whatever that is. It tasted like very bitter, very fermented grape juice and burned on its way "down".

It was a generally horrible experience in a COOLER.

Vroom Vroom,

Peter Holt
26 Miller Avenue
Salisbury, NB
E0A 3E0

★★★★★★★★★★

To whom it may concern,

Up until now, I had allowed my son to read comic books, so long as they were the humorous kind that had cartoon animals or children in them. I had thought they were wholesome enough entertainment for a young boy

After seeing on the 700 club how some comic books contain filthy and elicit material, I went through my son's collection and found this book. It appalled me to see the amount of filth and decadence prevalent in the pictures The back cover showed what appeared to be a photograph of someone advocating drug use. It's no wonder this country has problems with drugs, homosexuality, abortion and suicide with material like this being circulated to influence the minds of our children. You're in a class with Hugh Hefner, Larry Flint, and all those others who think they can hide behind the first amendment. I don't know how you managed to pass off such trash on our young people, but I'm glad I became wise to you.

My son is no longer allowed to read comic books. With men like you betraying the public trust, these things are unsafe for our children

Sincerely,

Robert E. Smith
5501 Holly Springs Rd.
Raleigh, NC

★★★★★★★★★★

Yo Dave,

GUESS what happened the other day.

Go ahead Guess.

Alright, I'll tell you.

There was a substitute teacher in the 4th period the other day, and it was really nice out, so I skipped with Lisa-Elf, Kara, and Sia. We all went up to the baseball field after lunch and sat around, talking about stuff

Elf suddenly got this *great idea* and climbed up on the backstop with Kara, who, lacking Elf's high level of energy, tired of it and climbed back down. Elf got comfortable, kicking her shoes off and curling her legs up under her shapely ass.

You know, I could have told her not to take her shoes off, but I didn't.

So then it was time to go back so we didn't miss 5th period, and Elf starts

Early sketch of the Oscar Character when he was based more on the 'Oxford Oscar' than on the later 'London Oscar'.

squealing that she couldn't climb down, that she took her shoes off and now she she was gonna fall and die.

Being the dashing rogue that I am, I picked up her shoes and climbed up the backstop, no easy task when you're wearing combat boots. When I reached the top, I handed her her shoes, and talked in a calm voice so she would stop screaming. Then she had 'em on, and said that she was alright, and I could take my hand off her ass now

I retracted my arm The flesh on the underside of my forearm scraped against the top part of the backstop, leaving a millimetre deep gash. With a yelp of pain, I lost my grip and fell.

I landed wrong on my right foot and sprained it Elf hopped down, said "thanks," and skipped away

I *SPRAINED* it, Dave. It *HURTS*. My foot's s'posed to be better by the end of the week, but it's what the sprain is *for* that kills me, Dave.

I sprained my foot for that little bitch and what did she do for me in return? Kiss me on the cheek? Hug me, even?

No! She just said "thanks," and left me to minister to my own wounds.

Bitch.

Thanks for listening to me,

Your eternal fan,

Cliff S. Judge
2807 63rd PL
Cheverly, MD
20785

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Hi. I'm Fred Gwinne. You know – Herman Munster? I've been travelling now for many years in Egypt, braving the hot sun and dry sand in search of a God fragmented

shantih shantih shantih

I, Fred Gwinne, am a free up-standing respectable individual who respects the Law and will if necessary eat Philis Diller White Chili if there isn't any

"Who are you?" the moose asked.

"I," the Snufalupugus responded, "am the Snufalupugus."

I, Fred Quinne – Herman Munster of tv's "The Munster's" – am a free explorer, a renegade from Rhetoric, a master of disaster, the Italian Woodchuck. I remember fondly my days as a sesquibidahan porcupine.

Message, Spock?

None that I'm aware of, captain.

Like the recent issue (#16). Especially the part with the frog.

With Warm Regards,

Fred Gwinne (a.k.a. Blim Bim Whim Pa-Tang Dingle Donger, a.k.a. Sir Froot Loop, a.k.a. a receding wave, a.k.a. The Living Five-Pound Block of Cheese.)

105 Sunlight From Cucumbers Rd.
Westminister Alley, Peru
Barcelona

★★★★★★★★★★

From the desk of Mark Haden Frazer:

We couldn't help but notice that there have been a number of individuals, who as of late, have been expressing concern and dismay over our recent absence in the pages of this and other publications. Thus, in the interest of keeping our readership informed and up to date, we offer the following explanation

We are sorry to say, that until further notice, we are suspending publication of any letters, reviews, essays or humorous fables due to lack of sales. While there has been uh, several positive responses to the above mentioned narratives, it just wasn't enough to keep us alive.

Part of the problem also falls onto the rising costs of postage and production work. But of course, inflation affects us all in our everyday life. You have to pay more for a soda or a movie. Your parents have to pay more for food and rent.

We apologize for any undue stress this may cause our readership. Perhaps in due time, we may overcome our difficulties and the market will then be more receptive to our brand of product.

Thank you all very much, and hang in there.

Sincerely yours,

Mark Haden Frazer
W39700 Sunnyfield Dr.
Oconomowoc, WI
53066

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

I just finished reading issue #120, it must be the burning rope or maybe it's the moon but I felt this was the time to write you.

I've been very pissed with politicians of late. It's like they think the whole democratic system is set up just for the benefit of their egos. All they do is bitch and complain about each other and go to social functions, no wonder they need years to make infantile decisions. Sometimes I actually fantacize about blowing up the Parliament buildings for the good of the country (you wouldn't call me a lunatic would.. please no...naw!). Anyhow, let's not waste anymore time on those knuckleheads.

I found one of the letters (re Anon) to be very profound. Masturbation, wow, what a word, it's almost a statement! In case you didn't hear me, I said, *MASTURBATION!* Be careful who you say that around, somebody might lock you up. Amazing, something so simple to oneself can be so frightening to another There are alot of messed up people in this world and to think that, being afraid to touch yourself could have a tie-in with sex crimes just figures. I don't want to even think about the level of tension I would have built up inside if I didn't allow myself such pleasures or indulgences. Everyone should reread that letter and think about it

There are always reasons for the way that we act or don't and men especially, should stop making excuses. 'So keep your desires in hand and be gentle with your actions, you never know, pass the word and there might be more people wearing a smile.

One last thing Dave, I've read a reference to Cerebus's age so I was wondering what sign is he? Just a Scorpio asking, thanks.

Sincerely,

R. Kewen

P.S. Gerhard, the rain sequence was great!

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

The masturbation issue is starting to get real irritating. Hey, look, sometimes I'll do it eight, maybe ten times a day, and the girls don't call *me* "Mr. Premature Ejaculation", do they? No, they do not. As a matter of fact, they rarely call me at all! (spontaneous laughter). Besides, I'll bet Pud does it, doesn't he, Dave? I'll bet Rick does it, too. Have any of us gone blind? Not yet we haven't.

In conclusion, Dave, I would like to say that everything is not necessarily what it's pretending to be, and that includes Flaming Carrot and Capitalist propaganda.

Warmest Regards,

Will Hendry
Melbourne, FL

P.S. This is my first letter to a comic book.

P.P.S. I've sent a similar letter to the editors of Captain America. How much would you like to bet they don't print it, either?

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

I was re-reading *Church & State*, again, when I turned to the last page of what was issue 109 (page 1180 of C&S vol II) And what do you suppose I found jumping out at me from that ink-soaked page, but one cosmic-sized phallus! Have none of your other readers sick enough minds to notice this blatancy? Granted it took me awhile to notice, but look around at some of these other people (and I use the term loosely).

Now you *may* be thinking I wrote in to point this out just to show you how clever I was. Not so. The real reason was that I wanted to experience the power trip I'd get knowing I just sent twenty-five to thirty thousand people running over to their Cerebus shelves to see this big dick for themselves.

Ahhh.

Thanks, Dave.

Dave Rhoten
1322 N. Woodlawn, #131
Wichita, Kansas
67208

P.S. I also figured out the "Karen McKiel"/"Carron, McKiel and Beeny" bit in issue 26. Ha! I got 'em *twice* in one letter!

P P S. Please point out to Cassandra the Inverness Witch that I successfully, and without painful side effects, started a sentence with the world 'and'.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Q: Who wears an eye patch, smokes a cigar and always has clean boxers?

A: Nick Fury, Agent of Panty-Shield.

Thank you for providing a forum for sick jokes like this.

Rasta J
Montague, MA
01351

★★★★★★★★★★

To Cassandra the Witch,

You *are* a footstool.

Love,

Jon Konagin
1621 Jst.
Arcara, CA
95521

P.S. You are also a Spermbird.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Since you couldn't help Marc Montgomery on his pierced ear problem, I thought I should write.

This is addressed to Mr. Montgomery himself (and anyone else who has stupid parents). Well, Mar, it goes like this: I got my ear pierced not once, but TWICE last week, and you know what? My mother didn't care! How did I do it, you axe? Well, probably because three weeks earlier, I got a mohawk. Trust me. It works. There's something about getting a mohawk that sort of makes the impact of a pierced ear less impressive.

Try it, Marc. If you really want a pierced ear, have a friend whip out the ol' clippers and go at it!

Good luck!

Yours in helpfulness,

Chris Butz
2425 SE Yamhill St.
Portland, OR
97214

P.S. This is for you, Dave. I'm still kinda miffed that you didn't publish my How-To-Become-A-**True**-Marvel-Zombie letter, but thanks for the response.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Before my "Single Page" contribution appeared in *Cerebus Bi-weekly*, I was nothing, nowhere, nobody. Now I'm a leader of men, women throw themselves at me, and my skin is clearing up. Thank you for your amazing "draw-at-home" self-improvement course.

A satisfied customer,

Kent Featherly
142 Shady Oak Trail
Charlotte, NC
28210

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave & Gerhard:

Before Tuesday of this week I had never read an issue of CEREBUS. I was looking for something new and the owner of the shop suggested it. I like it, it is a truly DIFFERENT book, something that is very hard to come by nowadays. I think I'll keep buying it. Oh yeah, from reading the notes on the inside covers, you don't seem like the paranoid sonovabitch that others had described you as. Bye for now.

Best,

Patrick Reed
Morgan Street
RD#3-Box 2104
Bennington, VT
05201-9221

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

With all the money you've made from the reprint books recently, perhaps you should consider buying yourself a chin.

Cordially,

Dave Strehlow
40 West 95th
N.Y.C.
10025

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear David,

Goody! Another character in you comic at last, and he's suspiciously similar to my very favourite dead playwrite (the best kind) into the bargain! Excuse me for coming to the point so quickly but I was getting a little bored with the when-suddenly-nothing-happened-ness of recent events. I may go out and buy the next issue for heavens sake! Don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those serious and dedicated, but unattractive and rather smelly individual that probably go to comic conventions, oh no! I once read a Justice League of the great satan (or something) by mistake in 1984 and spent a few uncomfortable weeks in bed with an embarrassing rash, so now the only colour items I allow in my house are tomatoes. They may be rather uninteresting conversationalists but at least refrain from beating the shit our of friendly aubergines due to a case of mistaken identity. Tell me truly, wouldn't it be a better world if we all spent our hard earned coins on plastic fruit to decorate our bedroom wall with instead?

I know one 14 year old boy who, after 3 large vodka's will swear blind he sees miniature pink sinkovitzes on parade. Whatever next?

If you want to do something truly surreal, try changing your underwear on a subway train without removing any items of clothing or breaking the nose of the person beside you. If you want to *look* surreal try putting on your makeup. Girls! You'll make new friends I promise you! The wonderful thing about magazines is the way you can reach thousands of people and change their lives for the better. You have probably found the same thing David, unless you do it just for the tedious money, fame and cheerleaders the publishing world can offer the salivating young entrepreneur. On behalf of females everywhere I say NOT THE COTTAGE CHEESE *AGAIN* DAVE!!

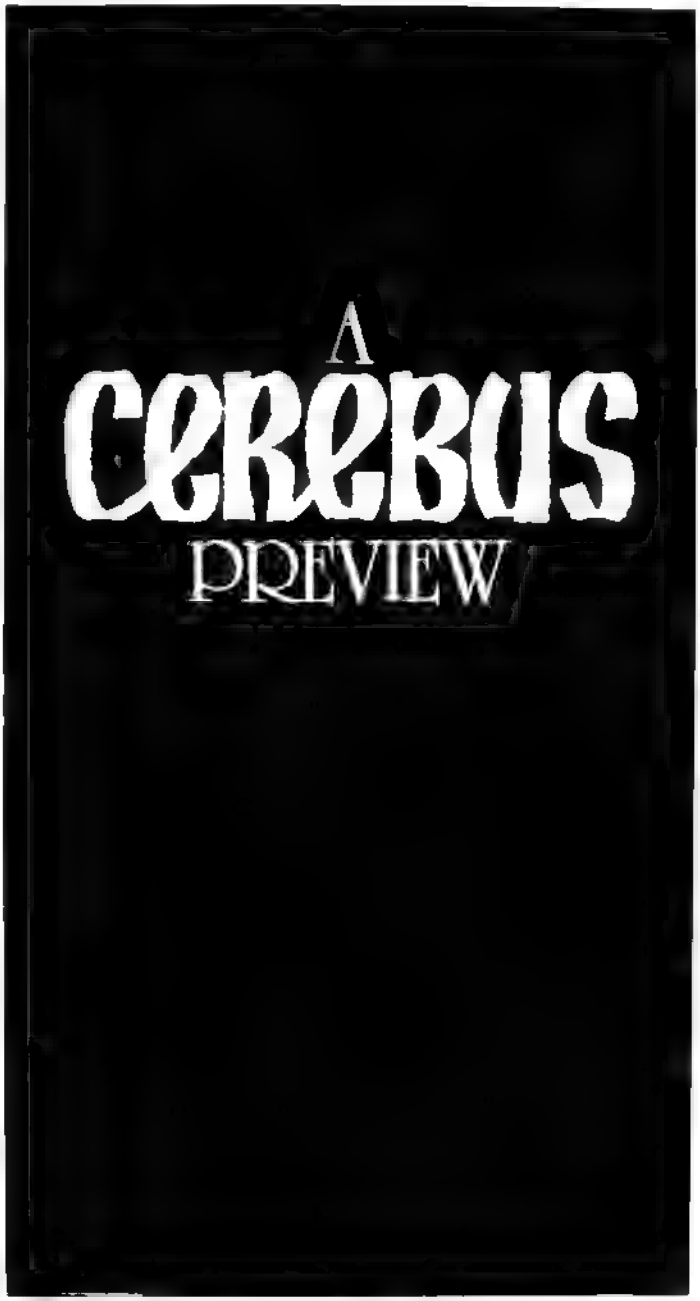
For the record, I'd just like to state quite boldy, that I do not know and have never known the young publishing mogul in question. I'm just overly familiar. And rightly so!

Exclamation marks are so tacky, don't you think?

Yours esoterically,

Cassandra the Witch

P.S. The next few issues had better be written with a sincere and studied triviality or I'll want to know the reason why!!

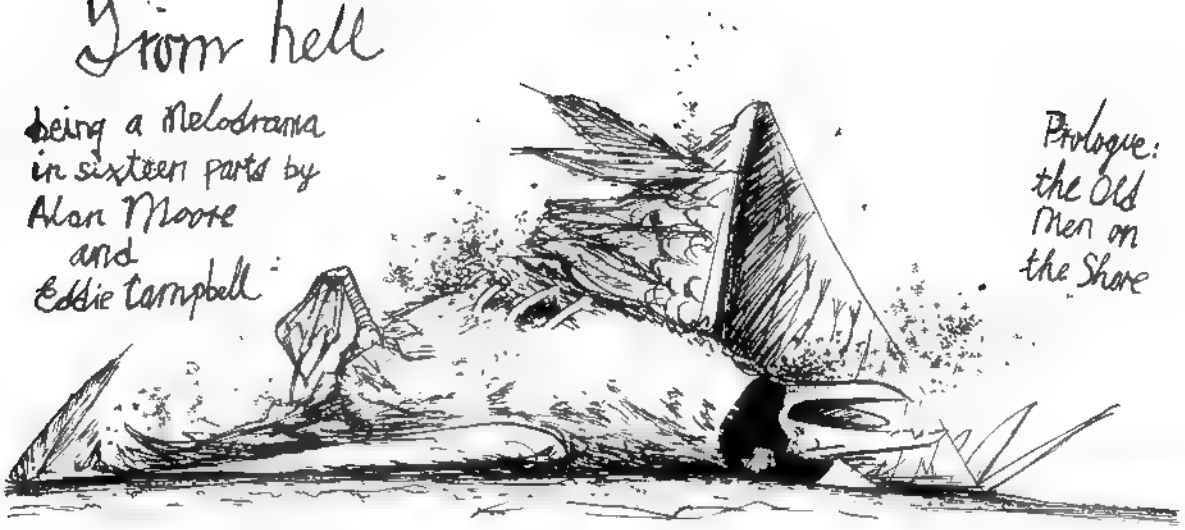


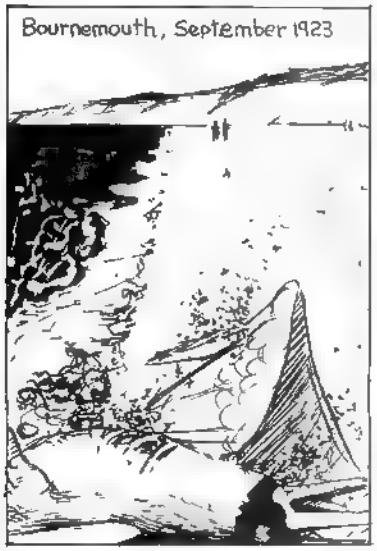
Billed as a 'melodrama in sixteen parts', *From Hell* is Alan Moore's latest graphic novel which is appearing in serial form starting in *Taboo* #2, the horror anthology from SpiderBaby Graphix. Gerhard and I were fortunate to see the first several chapters during an August visit to England. The illustrations are by Eddie Campbell who has discovered the flexible pen (with, I think, brilliant results) and, by all accounts, has foresworn rapidographs forever. They kindly consented to be the first Cerebus preview. Copies of *Taboo* are available from SpiderBaby Graphix P O. Box 442, Wilmington, Vermont, USA 05363, #(802) 464-3568, Single copies are $11.00 US postpaid by certified cheque or money order, as well as Visa and Mastercard accepted. Copies of *Taboo #1* are still available.

From hell

being a Melodrama in sixteen parts by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell

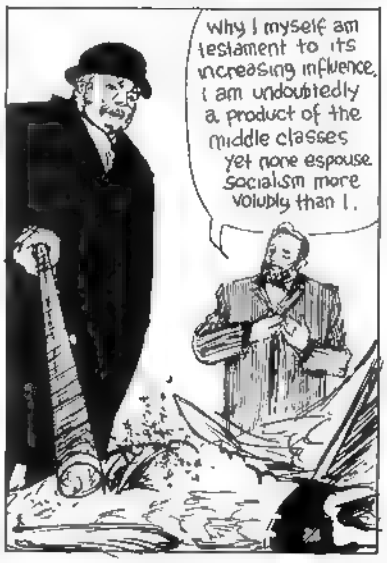
Prologue: the Old Men on the Shore





Bloody shambles this last six years
a shambles inflicted from without foreign interference hardly invalidates Capitals premise

Oh DO come on, Mr Lees ! Really ! They've had nothing but war, poverty.
Despite which they have SURVIVED ! Surely that confirms rather than contradicts what Mr Marx has said - Socialism is INEVITABLE


Why I myself am testament to its increasing influence. I am undoubtedly a product of the middle classes yet none espouse socialism more volubly than I.

What do you mean?
I mean MOST socialists are middle class... your late friend Mr. Hardie for one. Mr Ramsay, leader of his majesty's bloomin' opposition, Macdonald for another
Now, meself, I come from a working family - we vote Tory - always have done
The working class don't WANT a revolution, Mr Lees - They just want more money
This next election; you watch
You're wrong, Abberline. The Labour party will win the elections
"And the band played believe me if you like"
You seem very sure, Mr. Lees. Ad one of your visions 'ave yer?
YES
Yes, Damn you, I have!
I saw a calendar dated 1924 and Mr MacDonald on the step of No. 10. I saw it, I tell you.
Alright! Alright! Keep your shirt on
I made it up.

What?
What I said - I made it up.
The vision of Mr MacDonald?
All of them. All the visions. I made them up.
You have to remember I was very young and frail... The attention, That was the thing...
I was seven, the first time The family cat had been missing for days, and I said I'd had the STRANGEST dream: On May 25th our cat should be RETURNED to us.
a complete lie of course
But after the fuss they made of me... How? How could I admit I'd invented everything? I chose to keep up the pretense and the longer I did, the harder it became to extricate myself.
Be a good fellow, Abberline.
don't tell anyone.

Mr. Lees..
Mr Lees, you're pulling my leg, surely. What about the SEIZURES, man? I've seen you meself, rigid as a sleeve-board, eyes like blessed mudwheels...
oh, the SEIZURES..
you liked the seizures, did you?
Here, You watch this
Jnh.
Aaa-huch
Aahuch
Gunh
Hhhuughh
D-D-death
See Death
FIVE
Five Years
There

I'd sometimes pee in my trousers as well. For emphasis.
Only during childhood, naturally. I'd purged my repertoire of that device long before I was 19 and first introduced to her Majesty
But..
What you SAID. EVERYTHING you said. It all HAPPENED.
.t was all TRUE
Oh yes..on MAY 25, we found the cat under a hedge- poisoned by weed preparation. It was small; stiff;... nothing interesting about it whatsoever
made it all up, and it all came true anyway
Thats the funny part
it's turned quite cold, hasn't it?
Sha we be heading back?

Abberline...my performance back there. Please forgive me. It's just September; this time of year...
I know. It all comes back to you, doesn't it? Bloody September. Gets you down
mind you, I've always thought that, even BEFORE what happened. There's..
What the bloody hell do you call THIS?
'Ad a good butchers 'ave yer?
~Had?--I'll have you inside - that's what I'll have - The PAIR of yer!!
Fred, lets just leave it - you're retired
I don't care. I'll not have prossies whoring on my front doorstep!
oy you! you WATCH it, alright!
oh lets go somewhere else — hes just browned off 'cause hes not had a bone on in years!
You WHAT?
You heard
you come back here and say that
Fred
You COW - you cheeky little CUNT! You come back here; I'll 'ave your guts for GARTERS!
Abberline for GOD'S SAKE, man let's just DROP it!
fucking tart

September. You're quite right - that time of year
Do you think about it a lot?
About the thing itself, ...No. Can't say I do.
I just think about how I was treated, that's all. All those years on the force.
It's being lied to that's what gets my back up. It's the DISRESPECT
And that's ALL?
Don't you ever feel GUILTY?
We could have SAID something. We could have DONE something. WHY, Fred?
Why did we just let them BURY it?
Because we didn't want our throats cut.
Because we didn't want our lights hung over our shoulders
Give us a hand up these steps would yer?

I think about it constantly..
..The sweet-shop girl, the Widow queen, the little barge-boy and the barrister.

Ah, yes. Mr. Druitt. I've been meaning to visit him since I retired.. although I don't suppose he's much bothered
seems silly not to, though; him just up the road.

You want to visit DRUITT, but you say you don't feel GUILTY?

It's the money, isn't it? You could shrug off anything but that. We both did well out of doing nothing, Abberline.

Yes
Yes, you're right. Nice pension, nice perks nice expensive residence near the sea-front at Bournemouth...
Didn't do bad out of it, Did I?

Abberline, I'm sorry- I didn't mean to open old wounds..
No, no, it doesn't matter, You're quite right.. Those awful days, and Fred Abberline got a fancy new address out of 'em.

A bent copper, by God!

wum, look- perhaps I should be heading home myself.
No, no.. I insist. You've walked me all that way, you'll come in for a nightcap, surely- after all, Mr. Lees- this is the very place...

..This is the house that Jack built.

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'It is the spectator and not life, that art really mirrors.'

Oscar Wilde
preface
to "Picture of
Dorian Gray"